

.. .:.. :--
Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24192706) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24192706>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Blindfolds , Dom/sub , Dom GeorgeNotFound , Sub Dream , Dom Sapnap , Bottom Dream , Bottom Sapnap , Top George , Rope Bondage , Nonverbal Communication , Safeword Use , Fluff and Smut , smut and humor , fuckfic , traumatised george lowkey , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) has ADHD , POV Second Person , POV GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Enthusiastic Consent
Language:	English
Collections:	Download fics, you've read this fucker :] , MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-15 Words: 7919

.. .:.. :--
by [Yikes \(Mr_CoralFlower\)](#)

Summary

[very good smut, probably reasonably in character too. minors don't interact]

"Hand me a rubber, Sapnap."

"Doesn't that mean eraser in Britainese?"

"You know what, Dream? Fine. I'll say condom, whatever, I was *trying* to be sensitive to your weird American slang words, but I guess you just--"

"Dude, no one says *rubber*, it's just condom," Sapnap says.

"Just get me one, Jerknap."

Notes

posts while george and dream are streaming even tho no one will see it until they stop

uhhh i feel like i should warn you guys that this smut is rly rly good and also rly funny.
unless our senses of humour dont line up at all, youre gonna laugh

ur also gonna have feels

i spent 4 unmedicated days working on this and got 2400 words written. then this morning i took my meds and wrote the rest. i went from 600 words a day to 5k+ words in one day lol. im proud af of the first 2400 words tho, they were fucking hard

this fic starts in the middle of stuff, pretend i wrote foreplay before it.

the last 2k of this fic fought me hard but i rly wanted to get it finished tonight. i legit considered posting it with a big ol [orgasm i dont feel like writing] in the middle lmao but i wrote the orgasm and its a solid mid tier so im happy w that lol. i might rewrite it l8r idk. usually i reread the whole fic between hitting Preview and Post but this time i might just scan thru to see if any of the formatting got fucked up lol, yolo

this is in 2nd person so "you" means george.

i dont use dream or sapnaps real names in this cus i feel like thatll hopefully make it less creepy for them if they stumble across this. sorry george XD

btw if anyone sends this 2 them ill hate u forever xoxo dont do it its weird

uhhh here we go lol. theres morse code in this, how wild is that

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You're so good for us," Sapnap croons, running his fingers along Dream's skin, and Dream arches his back. "George, get over here and tell him he's good."

You roll your eyes, and flip Sapnap off from across the room, where you're getting lube and a clicker for Dream in case he gets too overwhelmed to speak, which hasn't happened yet, but it's something he worries about, so you don't doubt the possibility (even if it is completely wild to imagine ever causing him to lose his words completely).

"I'm not going to tell him he's good, he hasn't done anything to earn it," you say snippily, and Dream makes a sound that you automatically associate with him rolling his eyes.

"But he looks so good tied up for us, George," Sapnap says. "And he was such a good boy, he let me tie him up without even mouthing off the way he always likes to. Ready for the blindfold, Dream?"

"You know I am," Dream says, and you turn back towards the two of them to watch Sapnap tie the blindfold on. Dream does look good, tied down spread-eagle to the bed. He always looks good.

"I'm not going to praise him for doing the bare minimum of what he should be doing, and you shouldn't either, Sapnap," you say, returning to the bed, and Dream gets an annoying smirk on his face.

"It's fine, George, Sapnap just loves me more," he says. You roll your eyes.

"You know your safeword?" you say, checking the knots around Dream's wrists in case Sapnap made a mistake; you always check each other's work, so it won't offend him. Everything seems fine.

"Yeah," Dream says. "Nothing's too tight, I feel good, can we start already?"

"You'll be good for us?" you ask him, putting the clicker into his hand, and he opens his mouth to respond, but Sapnap gets there first.

"Of course he will, George, he's our good boy. Just look at him, how can you look at that and not know he'll be good?"

Dream is smirking now, and you level a glare at Sapnap for interrupting.

"I want to hear him say it," you say, and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

"I'll be good," Dream says, and he sounds so eager. "Please, George, I promise I'll be good. For both of you, I'm yours, *please*."

And there's the good boy you like to see. When he's just on the right side of desperate, when he begs without anything to beg for, when he says he's *yours*.

"That's right," Sapnap breathes, saying what you're thinking. "Ours."

Dream's breath catches, and then Sapnap touches his chest and he cries out at the unexpected touch, bucking his hips. You snuggle in along Dream's side to keep him warm, and he sighs, turning his head towards you to try and rest it on your shoulder. It's cute.

"You look so good," you tell Dream. He smiles.

"I wish I could say the same to you," he replies, and you roll your eyes.

"Oh, sure, act like you don't love the blindfold, Dream. How long did you spend begging for it, again?"

"Not *that* long--"

"Hey lovebirds, I kind of need to prep Dream, so get your legs out of the way, George."

You tuck your legs up out of the way, and Dream says,

"You love us too, Sapnap, don't even pretend."

"Of course I do," Sapnap says, rolling his eyes. "I could never pretend otherwise, I love you and George so much."

He makes a kissy face at both of you as he gets lube on his fingers, and you stick your tongue out at him.

And then Dream is squirming, mouth hanging open as Sapnap starts fingering him. You pet his hair, trying to sooth him.

"Please," he says. "Please, more, please hurry Sapnap--"

"So desperate," you murmur, and he whimpers softly.

"George, I think we need to teach this man some patience," Sapnap says, and Dream starts squirming again in earnest.

"You sound like you have something in mind," you say, and Sapnap smirks at you.

"Well, maybe. I'm just saying, I prepped before this, so I'm already nice and ready to be fucked, if you just wanna stretch me out a little more and lay me out across our man's chest and fuck me *hard*..."

You chuckle as Dream goes still.

"That might be a bit much for him," you say. "I don't think he's used to waiting that long for anything."

"Please just fuck me," Dream says, and Sapnap looks directly at you, expression filthy, full of lust. A shiver runs down your spine at the sight.

"What if I wanna get fucked, Dream?" he says. "You're always saying you'll do anything for me, dude, and it's been ages since the last time George fucked me. I gotta find out if he's gotten any better since then."

You roll your eyes and flip him off, and he winks at you, making another one of those obnoxious kissy faces.

"I hate you so much, Sapnap," you say.

"Wow, I can't believe my doms don't even pay attention to me, they just argue with each other," Dream says. "Both of you suck, just *please* focus Sapnap, you keep letting George distract you."

"Behave," you scold him, and Sapnap appears to find his prostate in revenge, because Dream's back suddenly arches and he lets out a much higher pitched moan than usual.

"Yes," he gasps, but Sapnap doesn't let up and it's only seconds before Dream is shaking his head and bucking his hips, saying, "Too much, too much, Sapnap, *stop*."

Sapnap slides his fingers out, and Dream goes limp beside you. You raise an eyebrow at Sapnap, and he does the same to you, like he's saying *Look, I do so much more for him than you*.

You kiss Dream on the cheek and pat his stomach soothingly, murmuring to him as he catches his breath.

"It's okay," you tell him. "You're good, we're here, I've got you, Dream. Check in?"

You hear the sound of the clicker twice, and that means *good* or *yes*, but the fact that Dream is using it now instead of just responding out loud...

You exchange a glance with Sapnap and see your concern mirrored on his face.

"Are you okay, Dream?" Sapnap asks, and Dream clicks twice again. "Do you want to keep going?"

Two clicks.

"George," Dream says, and his voice breaks, he sounds so breathless. And the fact that it's *your* name he says, the fact that you're the one he called out to first... Your heart flutters in your chest. "Sapnap. I'm okay, I'm-- hh, just-- can you please hug me?"

You snuggle in closer, wrapping your arm around his waist, and Sapnap lays down on Dream's other side.

"That was mean, I'm sorry," Sapnap says.

"No, I was asking for it," Dream says breathlessly. "I wanted you to do something, you were perfect, I just need a second. And hugs."

"You're sure you're okay?" you ask, and Dream gets a really obnoxious smirk on his face.

"Aww, I knew you cared, George," he says. "Yeah, I think I'm good. That was good, it was overwhelming but I- I liked it."

"You like when we actually punish you for being a smartass?" Sapnap says, and Dream bites his lip, but he nods.

"That's the whole point of doing it," he says. "Why *else* would I smart off literally all the time?"

"Because you're a huge brat and you think it's funny?" you say, and Dream's lips twitch into a smile.

"That too," he says.

"You're such a mess," Sapnap says. "I mean that affectionately. Still need hugs, dude?"

"Aw, I love you, Sappy-nappy, you're such a sweetheart--"

Sapnap has his fingers in Dream's mouth now, and Dream is smiling around them like this was his plan all along.

You wrinkle your nose.

"Gross, those were just in his ass."

"No, that's my other hand, George, you idiot," Sapnap says, wiping his other hand on your shoulder, and you sit up to shove him. "Dude, what the fuck, you almost shoved me off the bed--"

Dream starts moaning around Sapnap's fingers, and it's obviously just to get attention, but it works, because both of you immediately look right at him. He arches his back and rolls his hips, putting on a show for you, and you give up your feud with Sapnap to kiss him so he won't forget to tease Dream, because he's looking at Dream like he wants to give in.

Kissing Sapnap is always fun. He gets a handful of your hair early on and tugs it, making you groan, which makes Dream go silent. After a moment you feel Sapnap's other hand on the side of your face, and at that point you have to let go of Dream to keep Sapnap from controlling this kiss entirely.

"What are you guys doing," Dream complains. "Sapnap, George, come on."

Sapnap breaks the kiss, and you reflexively try to chase him, eyes opening halfway. He lets you know with a smirk that you'll never live that down, and then sighs,

"George."

You know what he's doing, but it still leaves electricity dancing across the surface of your skin, to hear him say your name that way.

"Guys," Dream says, and you can't help smirking as well, pulling Sapnap back into the kiss and making it noisy because Dream can't see you. Usually when you kiss Sapnap, you feel like you have to hold back, since he teases you for the slightest sound, but this time you don't bother, and it's so much more fun.

Sapnap has been nice this time, letting you take charge of the angle for the most part, so you don't fight the impulse to murmur his name the next time you break apart to breathe.

"Sapnap," you mumble, and you see a genuine smile on his face.

"Please," Dream says, and this time he sounds meeker, less bratty.

"You should help him out," you tell Sapnap, and he pulls back a little further to study your face. It makes you feel naked, even though you already are.

"What if I don't want to," he says, leaning back in to kiss you briefly before he pulls back again, barely a centimeter, just enough so that he has space to speak. "What if I want to keep kissing you, George?"

Your heartbeat quickens, and you close the tiny distance between you for a moment, just a quick kiss before you speak.

"Just do what you want, then," you suggest, and Sapnap surges against you, throwing himself into kissing you like it's his only purpose anymore. And Dream starts pleading.

Slowly, he manages to distract you.

"You should really take care of him," you murmur, breaking the kiss, and Sapnap glances at Dream, then looks back at you.

"You're so much fun to kiss though, dude."

"You're being mean to Dream."

Sapnap heaves a sigh and picks the lube back up off the pillow.

"You're right," he says, and Dream gasps, mouth hanging open, blindfold rumpled from all his squirming. You fix it, and he sighs,

"Please kiss me."

So you kiss him, and it's so different from kissing Sapnap. Dream is needier, more desperate for touch, but somehow also easier to dominate despite how demanding he is. He lets you hold his chin and tilt his head back at whatever angle you want, like he's just grateful to be kissed-- and it's likely he is, considering the amount of teasing you and Sapnap just put him through.

Dream starts making different noises into your mouth, and you infer that Sapnap has gotten back to work. You cradle Dream's face in your hands, kissing him more gently, because Sapnap can be a bit more methodical than gentle when he stretches Dream out.

"How are you doing?" you ask Dream, and he licks his lips.

"Make him go faster," he says, breath coming shallow.

"I don't make Sapnap do anything," you remind Dream, and you hear Sapnap chuckle as Dream pouts. "Maybe you should ask nicely."

Dream sighs, but he gives it a try anyway.

"Sapnap, please go faster."

"No can do, pretty thing," Sapnap says, and you hear Dream's breath catch. "Gotta go slow enough not to hurt you, you know that."

"But--"

"C'mon, you know I just wanna take care of you, right?"

Dream's shoulders go slack.

"Yeah," he says. "I know. Both of you-- you're both looking out for me."

"So you'll be patient?"

Dream sighs.

"Yeah, I'll be patient," he says quietly, squirming. "It's just hard. It's hard, I want you both so badly, I want you to fuck me--"

"I'm a bottom, Dream, I don't really do the whole fucking people thing," Sapnap says snarkily, and Dream scoffs.

"You know what I mean, idiot," he says, and Sapnap pulls his fingers out. "I mean-- no, wait, I'm sorry, I didn't mean-- please keep prepping me, sir--"

Dream stops, and your breath catches as you process that.

"Oh, baby," Sapnap breathes, briefly making eye contact with you, and in that moment you can tell he loves what Dream just called him. "Yeah, I'll do that for you, since you asked so nicely."

His voice is deeper now, more serious. It's really something to behold, and you don't blame him for it, because when you imagine Dream saying that to you...

"Where did that come from?" you ask him, and he shrugs, biting his lip.

"Is it okay?"

"More than okay," Sapnap assures him. "Hottest thing you've ever said to me, I swear."

"Everything you say to me is hot," Dream says. "George, is it okay if I-- can I call you it too?"

"Yes," you say immediately. "That would be so hot, Dream, please feel free."

Dream squirms. He seems pleased.

"I don't know how often I'll say it," he says. "Not that often, I think."

"That's alright," you say.

"Just do it whenever you're feelin' it," Sapnap says.

"Mm, yessir," Dream says, and you bite your lip as Sapnap groans, leaning down to kiss the tip of Dream's cock. Dream's hips buck.

"You really like that, don't you," he says.

"You have no idea," Sapnap says. "Literally, dude, fuck."

"Yeah, it's seriously, uh..."

You trail off as you realise you were about to repeat yourself. You're having trouble thinking straight with everything that's happening right now.

"Hey Dream, guess what," Sapnap says. You look over at him and he wiggles his eyebrows at you. You roll your eyes, and look down at Dream to see him biting his lip.

"What?" he says.

"I'm done," Sapnap tells him, pulling his fingers out, and Dream's face lights up. "But, uh, George, did you want a piece of *this* first?"

You hear Dream's breath stutter in his throat, and you make an exaggerated thinking sound.

"Hmmmmmm... You're right, Sapnap, it *has* been a while since I last fucked you. Maybe--"

Click.

You blink, and stumble over the words you were going to say as your hands rush into action without giving your brain any time to catch up. You look down to see that you're pulling Dream's blindfold off; further down the bed, Sapnap is undoing the knots around Dream's ankles.

"How are we?" you ask Dream, snuggling into him so he knows he isn't alone; Sapnap will get him untied and then join the two of you, but your job is always to check in immediately afterwards.

"Wait, wait," Dream says, and there's an edge of panic in his voice that sets your heart beating faster. "I don't wanna stop, I-- I just need you not to ignore me. Please."

"Breathe," you tell him, and he glares at you, hurt and angry and all kinds of bad things that make you feel shitty, like your heart is made of barbed wire and every beat scrapes at your insides.

"Wait, just-- Sapnap, stop untying me or I'll kick you."

"But--"

"You sound like you're panicking," you tell Dream, interrupting Sapnap because you can tell from his voice that he didn't think at all about what he was going to say before he started talking. "We're worried about you. What do you need?"

"I'm panicking because I just needed to tell you guys something, I didn't want to stop completely and-- and-- I need to know you want to fuck me, George, I need to know it even matters that I'm here, don't just ignore me to screw around with each other. And I need some click code or whatever that just means check-in and not stop. Because I really just wanted to check in."

"What do you need from us right now?" Sapnap asks, and Dream takes a deep breath.

"Please tie me back up," he says. "And then I need to talk to you guys about- about what you wanted to do. About what you need to do so I don't freak out if you want to tease me by focusing on each other."

"Sounds like a plan," Sapnap says. "Baby, before I tie you back up, are you sure you're feeling alright?"

Dream opens his mouth, glaring, and you tap him on the nose to make him think about it. You see the moment he realises that Sapnap only asked because he needed reassurance, and not because he

doubted Dream could handle it. Dream's glare disappears, and he sighs, turning his head to kiss your hand, presumably because it's the only part of you he can reach.

"Yeah," he says. "This has been great, I just want to get back to it as soon as possible. And Sapnap?"

You glance at Sapnap. He's blinking rapidly, eyes locked onto his hands, which are tying Dream's ankles back up, and his voice cracks when he says,

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

Sapnap snuffles, and says,

"I love you too."

And neither of them look at you expectantly the way they used to, before you explained why the words terrify you so much. And that just makes you feel even more in love with them.

It's hard to say, it's hard to even think, but you're thinking it now, overflowing with it, and it would be stupid not to take this chance to tell them. Because it feels like your chest is a beehive, and maybe that's weird, but really, everything feels like honey, like they've put hours of work into making you feel valuable, like they make you more worth loving every time they come back, like bees coming home. They're the ones who put this sappy feeling into your heart. They're the reason for the buzzing happiness in your lungs.

"I love you," you say, and Sapnap starts openly crying. "I always do, it never goes away."

"You're amazing, George," Sapnap says. He finishes with the rope and crawls back up the bed to kiss you on the cheek. You turn your head to capture his lips instead, hand tightening in Dream's hair, but Sapnap pushes away to lay down on Dream's other side and snuggle in close.

"What Sapnap said," Dream says, and you can't fight off the smile on your face.

"What exactly is the problem with me and George kissing?" Sapnap asks bluntly, and you facepalm, elbowing him. The moment has passed, you can't say it anymore, but both of them know you well enough to read it in everything you do.

"It's not about you kissing, it's about me being tied up here blindfolded for you two to have your way with, and then you not doing that. You-- you both stopped touching me when you kissed before, and it was, like, it was okay once, but I don't think I can handle twice in the same night."

"Do you need me to fuck you right away instead of Sapnap?" you ask, and Dream flushes bright red.

"I mean, I want you to," he says.

"We know that," Sapnap scoffs. "Answer the question."

"I don't," Dream says.

"So what will you need if I do fuck Sapnap first?"

Dream bites his lip, and you see vulnerability flash across his face for just a moment before he looks back up at you.

"Just pay attention to me," he says. "I just want to be involved. Don't forget about me."

"No problem," Sapnap says. "You make yourself pretty damn hard to forget about."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Sapnap says, leaning in to whisper in Dream's ear. Dream's eyes widen, and he arches his back.

"Sapnap-- *please*," he gasps, and you might not have asked if he had stayed quiet, but now you have to.

"What did you say to him?"

"Nothing," Sapnap says, so you look at Dream and raise an eyebrow. He blinks twice, and then gulps, and you have to suppress a smirk at how easy it is to boss him around.

"I-it's really not that important--" you narrow your eyes at him and hear his breath catch. "He just said-- he reminded me of when I tried a skirt on in Macy's, that's all."

"Oh, that was really hot," you say, eyes going wide as you remember how it clung to his hips.

"Yeah, idiot, I whispered it cus I knew you'd basically break if I reminded you."

You scoff, offended, and reach across Dream to shove Sapnap. They both start snickering at you.

"So are we ever gonna keep going?" Dream says.

"How are you going to let us know if you feel neglected again?" you ask, and Dream shrugs.

"I dunno, I'll click three times?"

"That works," Sapnap says. "Fuck, this is exciting, I haven't been fucked in like a week."

"It's been four days, Sapnap, stop acting like I haven't fucked you once for the past two years."

"I swear, sometimes it feels that way, George," Sapnap retorts. "By the way, Dream, I'm just gonna--"

He straddles Dream, laying down on top of him, chest to chest, and Dream lets out a satisfied sigh.

"That's good," Dream says. "That feels better already, I was worried you wouldn't be facing me."

"No, Sapnap loves taking it from behind," you say with a smirk, and Sapnap lashes out with a kick that narrowly misses your balls. Your voice jumps an octave as you say, "Holy *fuck*, Sapnap, careful."

"Sorry, George," Sapnap says, and you can just tell he's rolling his eyes as he says it.

"You're a brat," you grumble, digging the lube out from under Dream's ass (usually Sapnap puts it away immediately when he finishes with it, but this time you were both a bit preoccupied) and moving around behind the two of them. "Both of you are brats."

"Dream's the brat," Sapnap says. "Idiot, how do you forget I'm a dom every single time you fuck me, this is bottomphobia. You bottomphobe."

"Bottom rights!" Dream chimes in, and you roll your eyes, squeezing some lube out onto your fingers because Sapnap loves to say he's prepped when he's really only stretched enough to avoid immediate unbearable pain.

"How can I be a bottomphobe if my two best friends are both bottoms? Besides, you don't have to be a sub to be a brat."

"Then we're all brats," Dream says. You can see his smirk in your head without even needing to look at him as you rub your fingers together to warm up the lube.

"What? I'm *not*--"

"You're like the seventh brattiest dom in the entire world, or something, George," Sapnap says. "I ask you to help me sort all our rope and you-- ah--"

You cut him off by sliding a finger inside him. He's actually done better than usual, but you don't think it's enough still. You take advantage of his silence to say,

"What place are you, then? Third? Second?"

"Sixty-ninth," Sapnap says, pressing his hips back as you spread your fingers, and you can tell from the defensive hunch of his shoulders that he knows you don't think he's prepped enough, because he does that every time you call him on it. You don't think you need to even say it this time.

"Obviously."

"Nice," Dream says. "Why wouldn't you help us sort the ropes, George?"

"They didn't even need to be sorted," you complain, "They were fine before, it's not my fault Sapnap has OCD."

"And that's why you're a brat," Sapnap says lightheartedly. "Because you say hurtful, insensitive things like that."

"Whatever," you say, rolling your eyes because you know you aren't going to win this stupid argument. "Hand me a rubber, Sapnap."

"Doesn't that mean eraser in Britainese?" Dream says, and you roll your eyes again and say,

"You know what, Dream? Fine. I'll say condom, whatever, I was *trying* to be sensitive to your weird American slang words, but I guess you just--"

"Dude, no one says *rubber*, it's just condom," Sapnap says. You roll your eyes a third time.

"Just get me one, Jerknep."

Sapnap heaves a sigh, but does as you ask.

"Or you could just come inside me, we're all clean."

It's like they want you to break the world record for most eye-rolls in a single minute.

"Says the brat who gives me the cold shoulder for the next three hours every time he has to clean my come out of his ass," you say, tearing the condom open, and Dream bursts out laughing.

"I don't--"

"You *do*!" Dream says. "It's like you're not even grateful, Sapnap."

"Oh, because you are," Sapnap says sarcastically, and you have a moment that could most effectively be described as "hearing boss music." You swallow, and put the condom on while you can, because you get the feeling Dream is about to wreck you.

"I'm always grateful for George's come," Dream says, without a trace of irony, and even as Sapnap is making exaggerated cringe faces over his shoulder at you, you have to take a second. It's such a corny line, the kind he can only pull off with one of you at a time, but--

Fuck. You kind of wish you were gonna fuck Dream now, instead of later.

"Shut up, Dream," you mutter, mostly annoyed that it worked on you. "Are you ready, Sapnap?"

"No, actually," Sapnap says, voice as dry as a secondary school boys' restroom sink before coronavirus, back when half the population didn't wash their hands. "I'm completely flaccid from how stupid and gross that thing Dream just said was."

"Right, okay," you say, lining up. "Just let me know when to start, then. Sorry you couldn't keep it up."

"Do you two ever stop arguing?" Dream says.

"Oh my god, George, just fuck me," Sapnap snaps-- heh, alliteration-- and you slide into him, only slowing once you're in, instead of stopping like you would with Dream, because Sapnap loves the stretch, loves being breached in one long stroke. "Oh, *god*, that's good, yes, George, you're *so big*--"

It's a different energy than usual, but you definitely don't mind it. Usually he keeps the snark up, goads you into fucking him hard and fast by demanding more, never admitting for a second that it's enough until he comes. This time, you figure he's probably making a point of gushing about your cock because Dream commented on your constant bickering. Which, fair. You and Sapnap are just Like That with each other.

"Sapnap," you groan as you bottom out, figuring you may as well participate. "Oh, you're so tight--"

"Please fuck me," Sapnap says, and for all that he claims to be a dom and not a switch, he pulls off the breathy sub voice quite well. "Please, I need more, your cock feels amazing inside me--"

Click click click.

Sapnap barely misses a beat.

"--you want this, don't you, Dream. You want George to fuck you, huh? Want him to come inside you?"

"Please," Dream gasps, and you can hardly bear to tease either of them any longer. You start fucking Sapnap, and his hips tilt up towards you. "George, I need--"

"Beg for his cock," Sapnap says, voice an incredibly hot mix between breathy, desperate sub, and raspy, demanding dom. He's just so incredible like this, every time he doms Dream while getting fucked. It's like he gains fucking superpowers. "Tell him how much you need him inside you, Dream, tell him how badly you need him to fuck you like he's fucking me."

"I need your cock," Dream says, and fuck, it's hard to hold back at all with him talking like that, but Sapnap still needs some time to adjust before you pick up the speed too much. "George, I need you to fuck me, it aches, I feel so empty, I need you--"

"Poor thing," you say to him, and he shuts his mouth. You can't quite reach him to kiss him, and that fucking sucks. "You're so desperate, Dream. You want my cock?"

He nods, mouth hanging open, drooling a little bit, and you pat him on the cheek condescendingly and say,

"You can't have it yet. You just have to wait, Dream."

Honestly, though, Sapnap is breathing shallowly, making satisfied noises, so you know he won't last much longer once you speed up. You might not last much longer after that either.

"George, I have an idea," Sapnap says. "If you wanna make him go crazy."

"Oh, fuck," Dream says. "What? You mean crazier?"

"What is it?" you ask.

"You should hold his hips," Sapnap says. "While you're fucking me."

You do that, and watch Dream for his reaction. He chokes on a breath, and then cries out wordlessly, straining against the ropes as you use his hips for leverage. His hands are clenched into fists, knuckles white.

"Please," he gasps. "Please, please, please, please--"

"Use your words, tell us how that feels," Sapnap interrupts him, and it's wildly unfair how good he is at talking right now.

"Please," Dream says once more. "I'm so *empty*, I'm dying, it feels so wrong, it feels like-- like-- it's not *fair*, every time you thrust it's like my brain forgets you aren't fucking me and I have to realise it all over again, it's not fair, George, please--"

"Fuck, you're so hot," Sapnap says. "George, go faster, give me more."

And here we go.

You take a deep breath, and shut your eyes for a moment before you speed up. Sapnap's moans jump up in pitch, and Dream sobs, jaw slack, drooling onto the pillow.

"You want him, don't you," Sapnap says, voice low and hot as he smears Dream's drool across his face. "Messy little brat. I don't hear you mouthing off anymore, are you being good for us now?"

"Yes sir," Dream says. "I'm good, I'll be good, please--"

"Still so impatient," you mutter, a little jealous that he hasn't called you sir once yet, and Sapnap chuckles as Dream lets out a frustrated, whimpery sigh.

"It's *your fault* I'm impatient," he complains. "You always fuck me so good--" your breath catches-- "you can't just act like it's not the best thing in the world, like I'm a bad boy for wanting it now."

"Oh, you aren't bad," you tell him, and he chokes on his breath. "It's not bad that you're impatient, it's cute. You're our cute little sub, Dream, our good boy who always wants us, yeah?"

"Yessir," he gasps, and your hips buck out of rhythm as you process that. It feels so fucking good. "Yours, I'm yours, I'm good for you, I'll always be good for you--"

Sapnap kisses him, and you wish you could do the same. You don't know how you're going to last long enough to fuck Dream. You're already so overwhelmed.

You have to, though. He's so good and so beautiful, and he deserves it.

"I'm close," Sapnap says. "Dream, you're so good--"

"Please come, Sapnap," Dream says, and you blink hard to make your eyesight go back into focus. Shit, that's like, the hottest thing ever. "Please, I want you to feel good--"

"Ahh," Sapnap groans, and you let go of Dream's hips to wrap your fingers around the base of your cock and hold yourself up with your right arm. You have to shut your eyes as he starts clenching around you, because your orgasm wants to happen and it's so hard to shove it away. You don't know how you make it through, only that at some point Sapnap nudges you backwards out of him, and you feel the mattress shift as he moves.

"George," Dream starts to say, but he stops, and you open your eyes to see both of them staring at you.

"George is buffering," Sapnap says. He has an arm tucked under Dream's neck, around his shoulders, and he looks so smug it's genuinely super annoying. He's laying on his back now, next to Dream. "Cute how he makes his O-face the whole time he's trying not to come, huh?"

Dream nods silently. You see him swallow.

"You good?" Sapnap asks, and you let go of your cock to flip him off.

"I'm the fucking best," you say, unable to look away from Dream. Dream nods again, and you smirk. "Want to beg some more?"

"If you want me to," Dream says, voice shaky, and you kiss him for that, finally, Sapnap is out of the way and you kiss Dream hard because he's so, so good.

"Dibs on sucking Dream off while you fuck him," Sapnap says, and you surface from the kiss, leaving Dream breathless, chest heaving.

"No need to call dibs, you're literally the only one who can," you say.

"Please fuck me," Dream says, taking the initiative to steer things back on track. "George, please. I waited. Please fuck me now."

"Yeah, no problem," you say, peeling the condom off and handing it to Sapnap just because you know you can get away with it. "Should I get a new *condom* out, or--"

"Please come inside me," Dream says, and you swallow hard.

"George, what do you want me to do with this," Sapnap says, and you roll your eyes (for what, the eightieth time?) and tell him,

"Get rid of it, obviously."

"Dick," Sapnap says, tossing the condom in the general direction of the wastebin in the corner. You don't see whether he makes it; you're focusing on Dream. "Aw, dude, seriously? You're gonna

stretch him more?"

"I just have to make sure," you protest, as Sapnap boos. "Why are you booing me, *I'm right*."

"George, please just fuck me," Dream says.

"It's only an extra minute!" you say. "Just be good and wait a little longer."

Dream swallows, and a breathy moan escapes his lips as you slide two fingers inside him to make sure there's still enough lube.

"Okay, yeah, no problem sir," he says, and you're noticing a bit of a pattern with that, but it's not important right now, because he's warm and tight and relaxed enough to take you, and you're aching to fuck him. He whimpers when you pull your fingers out, and you kiss his forehead.

"Whiny baby," Sapnap comments, amused. "What's the problem, huh?"

"Empty," Dream sighs, shutting his eyes. "George, *please*."

"I've got you," you tell him, lining up and bracing yourself for how good you know it'll feel. "Ready, Dream?"

"Dude, he's been ready for like--"

"Please," Dream interrupts, and you kiss him as you nudge inside him. It's so much. You don't do this very often, this thing where you fuck both your boyfriends in the same night, because it's hard to last that long, but it's fucking amazing in ways that go beyond just sexual. Emotionally, you feel so good, because you fucked Sapnap and now you're fucking Dream, giving it to both of them in the same night, pleasuring both of them. It's viscerally satisfying, like checking off every item on your to-do list or having the exact right number of blocks to build something in minecraft. Like everything is fitting together perfectly. Everything is perfect.

"You're perfect," you tell Dream. "You feel so good."

"I want-- can I please have my arms?" Dream says. You don't move, just focusing on keeping still, because you know Sapnap will take care of it. A moment later, Dream wraps his arms around you, pulling you close. "That's good, that feels good, I can take more."

You slide in deeper by degrees as Dream adjusts, and then--

"Okay, make room," Sapnap says. "I'm bored, I wanna suck Dream off already."

You lift your head to glare at him.

"I won't last, Sapnap," Dream says, and Sapnap smirks.

"You aren't supposed to, pretty boy. George?"

You groan, annoyed about it, and make room for Sapnap to duck between the two of you and kiss Dream's stomach, because apparently he just can't do anything but tease.

"This is going to kill my back," you complain, and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

"Make it quick, then," he says.

So annoying.

"Please move, George, I'm close," Dream says. You touch his face and lock eyes with him, wishing you could get closer, that Sapnap had some way to stay out of the way while he sucks Dream off, but it's just not an option. "Sapnap, are you--"

"Shut up," Sapnap says, and he sounds horribly embarrassed. "It was just a dumb impulse, okay, I was curious."

"What," you say, because now you're curious too.

"He was tasting his come, it doesn't matter, please just fuck me?" Dream says. "Please?"

"How close are you?" you ask him, and he blinks a couple times and breathes in.

"Really close," he says. "You don't have to go fast, I- ah--"

Sapnap hums around Dream's cock, and Dream tosses his head back. You start fucking him slowly, trying to find a good angle, but it's hard to do with how crowded everything is down there. Sapnap is humming a literal song, and Dream is clutching at Sapnap's hair, one hand still on your waist, still holding the clicker.

"Feels good, yea?" you say, and Dream nods. He looks lost. "Try to relax, darling. Your shoulders are so tense."

He does as you say, and then sighs, eyes slipping shut.

"Will you hold my hips?" he mumbles, and you nod even though he's not looking.

His back arches as soon as you touch his hips, and he murmurs your name.

"So good for me," you tell him, as Sapnap goes to town, and he melts like a snowflake caught in your hand, all structure disappearing into the sweet warmth.

"Sir," he says, and oh, oh fuck, that's nearly too much.

Sapnap swallows audibly, and Dream's hips buck right as you're thrusting in. He clenches hard and says,

"There, George, there."

His voice is taut, like a too-short adapter stretched across the room.

"Tilt your hips up a bit for me, baby, there it is, just like that."

He's lost in it, eyebrows furrowed, lips parted sweetly around the most amazing sounds you've ever heard, and they're constant, unceasing. The best one happens each time you thrust in, letting you know you're hitting that spot, and--

Your heart skips a beat for a moment at the sound of a click, and you actually hear Sapnap almost choke, but then you realise it's two clicks, not just one, meaning *yes* or *good*, and he's so sweet. The two-clicks-for-yes thing was supposed to be for answering questions, you weren't expecting him to do it unprompted, but he does it again, and again, and he has a hand at the base of Sapnap's neck, another placed directly over yours on his own hip, and he's clicking at you because you've stolen his words and he still wants to tell you it feels good.

You lift his hand, the one holding the clicker, to your mouth to kiss it, and he breathes in sharply and arches his back, and then--

It's very nice, the way his walls are fluttering around you. It feels incredible. He's sighing your name. Sapnap is swallowing loudly, and you're coming, clinging to Dream, squeezing his hand as he clicks twice over and over again, clickclick, clickclick, clickclick.

You might tell them you love them. You aren't paying attention enough to tell. Everything is floating. Dream is tight and warm around you, bright and warm beneath you. You feel like you're a lantern in a misty swamp, glowing brightly enough to burn, but they absorb the light and make it into something beautiful that only the three of you can see. Like you're a lantern and they're the mists, ever-shifting, uniform, and the light stays with you instead of lighting up the whole world at your expense. Like they're yours; your hot, muggy air; your cool, curling fog. You feel like a firefly. You feel like your happiness should be visible and obvious, as if the breaking tension is a cracking glowstick to light the room.

You pull out. Sapnap is wiping his face on your pillow. You glare at him, and he makes another stupid obnoxious kissy face at you.

Dream makes a sound, and you look back down to watch as your come drips out of his hole.

"I feel it," he says, and like okay, if he wanted to kill you he should've just used a knife, it would've been faster.

"You should say thank you," Sapnap says, and Dream blinks.

"Thanks, George," he says. You snuggle in next to him and kiss him on the cheek.

"Anytime, love," you say. "Sapnap, can you untie him the rest of the way, I'm too lazy and he needs a bath."

Dream makes a complaining sound as Sapnap fluidly flips you off and moves down the bed in a manner that can really only be described as slouching.

"What is it?" you ask him, and he makes the same sound again and pouts at you. "You need to wash, Dream."

His pout deepens, and he clicks the clicker once.

"You can't safeword out of basic hygiene, dude," Sapnap says, and you glare at him.

"He can safeword out of anything he wants," you retort. Two clicks. "Besides, I think he just means *no*."

Two clicks again, and you smirk at Sapnap.

"C'mon," Sapnap says, tugging the release to free Dream's ankles. "Let's--"

Clicking, too many times to count, in a rhythm that sounds both deliberate and practiced. You and Sapnap look at each other, bewildered.

-. .- -. -. .- . / --- -. / -. . .

"Is that morse code?" you ask. Two clicks. How the fuck does he know morse code?

"Oh, I totally know morse code," Sapnap says. How the fuck do both your boyfriends know morse code? "He said, Sapnap is my fav dom bcus hes rly hot."

Okay, scratch that, Sapnap was joking.

Dream uses his newly freed legs to kick Sapnap gently in the stomach.

"Cozy," he says. His face is red, and he seems almost embarrassed. "I--"

He cuts himself off and does the rapid clicking again: ... - .- -.- / .-- .. - / -- .

"Don't want to move."

"George'll carry you," Sapnap says, and Dream heaves a sigh, but clicks twice.

And then, like he can't help it, he clicks some more.

.. .-.. -.-

"What does that mean?" you ask, gathering Dream up in your arms. "Sapnap, is the tub even full?"

"No, I'm not a magician," Sapnap says. "Maybe you should just cuddle with him, I can run the bath--"

One click. Dream sits up, grabs Sapnap's wrist, and tugs.

... - .- -.-

"You want me to stay here?" Sapnap says, and Dream nods, clicking twice. "You want George too, or--"

Two clicks.

"Let's just relocate to the bathroom," you say, and Dream elbows you, pouting, but he clicks twice nonetheless.

-.-. ..- -. -.. -.-. .

It's cute as fuck, how he talks in any way available to him even when there's not much point. You gather him up in your arms, and follow Sapnap into the bathroom.

-. --- .--

"I'm sorry, I don't know what that means," you say, and Dream places his forehead directly against yours, locks eyes with you, and clicks.

.. .-.. -.-

"You said that one already," Sapnap observes, and you raise your eyebrows at him, surprised. All the clicking sounds exactly the same to you. Sapnap clicks back at Dream, presumably repeating the same thing again, and Dream's eyes light up. It's adorably confusing.

Sapnap turns the water on, and Dream freaks out a little bit, clicking a lot. It's impossible to hear over the sound of the water, and Sapnap takes him from you, leaning in close and talking to him.

"It's just for a little while, Dream, and then it'll be quiet again. You wanna teach me morse code while we wait?"

Dream leans into him and nods. You frown, sort of confused about how he plans to make that happen, and pick up where Sapnap left off with the water, adjusting the temperature to make sure it won't be too hot.

"Okay, what's A?"

Oh, that makes sense. You never would've thought of that.

They get to X by the time the tub is full, and when you turn the water off, Sapnap says,

"The one I recognised is either ILY or ILZ, probably ILY."

• • • • •

Dream smirks this time, and Sapnap frowns.

"I don't remember that last one, ILO? No, wait, that was a dash, that's U-- Oh, George, he's saying I love you."

"Cute," you say. "Did you seriously learn morse code in like two minutes?"

"I'm good at rhythms," Sapnap says. "I'll forget it unless I use it, though."

$$\frac{-1.1 - 1.1 - 1.1 - 1.1}{-1.1 - 1.1}$$

"Woah woah woah, slow down," Sapnap says. Dream glares at him, and repeats it more slowly.

"Okay, but can we do that in the water?"

Two clicks. Finally something you can understand.

"This tub is way too small," you complain, and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

"What do you want me to do," he mutters, stepping gracefully into the tub and sitting down with Dream in his lap.

"Nothing, I was just saying," you say.

• • • • •

"I love you too, Dream, how's the water?"

— — — — —

"Get in, loser, we're going bathing," Sappnap tells you, and you wrinkle your nose.

"Three fully grown men can't fit in a bathtub this size," you complain.

- / .. . - -- . . . -- / / - . . . - / / .- / -- - . - . . . / --- . .
.. . . / -

"Woah there," Sapnap says. "What?"

[illegible]

Sapnap spends a solid ten seconds looking like the math lady GIF. Then his eyes widen.

"Line up at the start!" he yells, way too loud, and you heave a sigh as Dream cackles.

"Is this some kind of morse code meme?"

Dream laughs harder, and you're extremely tempted to grab the soap and throw it at him.

"It's the pacer test," Sapnap says. "Y'know, the fitness gram pacer test is a multistage aerobic capacity test--"

"Isn't that a dead meme?"

"Legends never die," Dream says, talking over his own clicking, and you roll your eyes. "By the way, George, you fucked my soul right out."

"What, like a dementor?"

"Yer a wizard, Harry!" Sapnap says, and Dream barely manages to speak through his laughter.

"Serious Fuck!" he says. "Like, the guy? Serious Block, or whatever?"

"There's literally no such thing as a serious fuck with the two of you around."

"Why can't you be more like the George from Harry Potter," Sapnap says. "He was actually funny."

"Are you washing?"

"Yes, mom," Sapnap says, and this time you give in to the urge to throw some soap. It's not your fault he's annoying, and besides, it makes Dream laugh. Sapnap is laughing too; you can tell even though he tries to hide it, and everything is good. You love your stupid boyfriends, even when they do their best to annoy you.

End Notes

dream learned morse code at summer camp

eventually someone says snapenap and sapnap snap-snaps.

lowkey i am scared to post this fic. its one of those fics where i know im never gonna feel satisfied with the comments i get cus no ones gonna go thru and comment line by line on every little detail cus thats just impractical for a fic this size. sigh i am never satisfied but every little comment helps uwu. basically i am scared i will wake up tomorrow morning to 0 comments lolol. i wrote this for yall pls tell me what u think of it

pretend ur in english class when u comment if u want:

- what mood did the author evoke in the paragraphs leading up 2 george's orgasm?
- what figurative devices did the author use to convey emotion?
- how did the author's use of dialogue, including unconventional dialogue, contribute to the overall tone?
- choose 3 quotes and analyse them

comes out as a virgin

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

